



**SIMMONS'**

THE SYMPTOMS OF LIVER COMPLAINT are uneasiness and pain in the side. Sometimes the pain is in the shoulder, and is mistaken for rheumatism. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness, bowels in general constipated, sometimes alternating with lax. The head is troubled with pain, and dull, heavy sensation, considerable loss of memory, accompanied with painful sensations of having left undone something which ought to have been done. Often complaining of weakness, debility and low spirits. Sometimes many of the above symptoms attend the disease, and at other times very few of them; but the liver is generally the organ most involved. Cure the liver with

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**DR. SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR,**

A PREPARATION OF ROOTS AND HERBS, warranted to be strictly vegetable, and can do no injury to any one.

It has been used by hundreds, and known for the last thirty-five years as one of the most reliable, efficacious and harmless preparations ever offered to the suffering. It taken regularly and persistently, it is sure to cure Dyspepsia, headache, indigestion, jaundice, constipation, sick headache, chronic diarrhoea, rheumatism, dropsy, camp dysentery, affections of the kidneys, fever, mercurialism, chills, disease of the skin, impurity of the blood, eczema, or depression of spirits, heartburn, colic, or pains in the bowels, pain in the head, face and nose, dropsy, boils, pain in the back and limbs, nervous erysipelas, female affection, and bilious disease generally.

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March 17—ly

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Which he offers at very reasonable rates, and which cannot fail to please.

Among the Tobaccos are the following:

Best Black Navy Tobacco.....30 Cents.

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CORRESPONDENTS SOLICITED.

May 6—3mo

**Select Poetry.**

**THE DRUNKARD'S DAUGHTER.**

BY G. W. BURGAY.

Out on the street with naked feet  
I saw the drunkard's little daughter;  
Her tattered shawl was thin and small;  
She little knew, for no one taught her.

Her skin was fair, her sunken hair  
Was blown about her pretty forehead;  
Her sad, white face bore sorrow's traces,  
And woe and pain were not borrowed.

Heart-broken child, she seldom smiled,  
Hope promised her no bright tomorrow;  
O, if its light flashed on her night,  
Then up came darker clouds of sorrow.

They softly said, "We have no bread,  
No wood to keep the fire a-burning;  
The child was ill, the wind so chill,  
Her thin blood to ice was turning.

But men well fed and warmly clad,  
And ladies robed in richest fashion,  
Passed on the side where no one cried,  
To them for pity or compassion.

That lone night fell, and then the light  
Of rose day in beauty shined;  
Set the dome and spire and roof on fire,  
And shone on one beyond repining.

Asleep—alone—as cold as stone,  
Where no dear parents sought her;  
In winding sheet of snow and sleet,  
Was found the drunkard's little daughter.

**Select Story.**

**A Love Romance and an Unkind Father.**

In April, 1830, while the young and lovely daughter of the Earl of D— was enjoying her usual afternoon airing along the "Lady's Mile," her fan dropped from her hand over the side of the carriage, and she ordered her coachman to stop and recover it. Cautiously high-stepping to a halt as quickly as possible, but before he could descend from his perch a gentleman with resplendent black whiskers and immaculate costume appeared at the side of the vehicle, and with a courtly bow presented the fan. A flushed "thank you, sir," rewarded the act, and the coachman was directed to hand his horses for Belgrave Square; but the Earl's daughter carried home in her bosom a vivid mental photograph of the knight of the fan, and could not help fancying that something in the expression of the fine black eyes had silently pleaded for a further acquaintance. To employ the term best understood by her sex, she was, in fact, "struck" with his distinguished appearance, and could not get him out of her head. It was one of those cases of instantaneous infatuation which are quite as common with the gentler as with the sterner sex. The young lady drove in the park at the same hour on every succeeding afternoon of the week for the particular purpose of catching another glimpse of the elegant stranger. All her efforts to that end, however, proved vain until one evening, at the Royal Italian Opera, where she accidentally dropped her long-gloved hand. Upon that exciting occasion several white-clothed gentlemen sprang to pick up the pearl-and-gold bijou; but there was a quicker one before them all, and the locket was presented by the whiskered unknown of Hyde Park. Our susceptible heroine blushed celestial rosy red as she received it, and the dark-eyed cavalier gave her such a look of homage in the act that her own eyes dropped prettily under the ardent glance. Bowing gracefully, the unknown retired to a station at the back of the box, and there worshipped with his look until the performance was over. For a month after this several silent interviews of the kind took place, until at length the peer's daughter felt her right hand slightly clasped one evening as she was stepping into her elegant carriage from the opera-house, and on recovering from her alarm found a sealed note in the hand thus absented. In a moment she had guessed who the writer was, and had scarcely patience to gain the privacy of her own room before ascertaining its contents. The missive was written in a fine Italian hand, and the writer avowed his honorable passion in the exaggerated style natural to a fellow countryman of the Cenis. He called her his idol, the light of his soul, the star to be worshipped from afar by the idolatrous wretch who dared not to draw near.

The English of the wording was just exactly bad enough to heighten the romance and suggest angelicized marble villas beside the murmuring Po. He should "kill himself," said the knight, if "mildly" did not conceal a "little note" for him in the folds of her fan, and manage to drop it for him on a certain night as she entered her box at the opera. She did so, and thus began a secret correspondence which ended in her promising to elope with the man. She had repeatedly endeavored to gain some information respecting his rank, though not until it was too late to save herself; and when he assured her that peculiar but not dishonorable circumstances rendered "an open courtship impossible," she could only give him his own way. Another month past on, and upon a certain afternoon the young lady's carriage returned to Belgrave without her. For better, for worse, she had joined her adorer at a railway station, and gone with him to the nearest Gretina Green in sentiment, but now the fond foreigner had such hard facts to disclose as came near throwing his lovely captive into a swoon. Sinking upon his

knees in the inn of the village to which they had come, he confessed that he was a hater-out of hand organs to the more needy of his countrymen about London! In horrible English he abused himself unmercifully for daring to pretend to so fair and so noble a hand, and offered to escort his victim back to London, if she desired, and then cast himself headlong from the top of the monument in Trafalgar Square. The Earl's daughter was shocked, but had gone too far to recant; so she gave him absolution from his sins against her, and went with him to a clergyman.

Next day there was a sensation in fashionable circles because the Earl of D—'s daughter had run off with an Italian Count whose membership in the Roman Catholic church had made him distasteful to her "noble parents." Such was the *Count Journal's* neat way of putting the case. After writing a friendly account of her misalliance to her family, the young wife made hasty sail with her doting husband to Italy. She found that her new relatives there were not patriots by any means; but they received her with great respect; and as the ex-organ-hirer was the tenderest of liege lords she managed to pass a joyous honeymoon. Before "settling down for good," she wrote another letter to her father for forgiveness, and thereby threw that noble lord into fresh paroxysms of wrath. He sent a crushing answer, refusing to longer recognize her as a child of his, and heaping curses upon her and her Italian. Like a sensible English girl, our heroine took all this very philosophically, and sang merrily to the music of a guitar until the peculiar purity and freshness of her voice attracted the critical attention of her husband. He called in a celebrated maestro to hear her sing, and was rejoiced to learn that his wife had a voice worth a fortune to her. A good master was at once secured for the lively lady; she studied the Italian language and artistic method with avidity, and, at the request of her lord, consented to sing in public.

As a result, the whole city went wild with enthusiasm over a new *diva*, and she received an invitation to become second *cantante* at La Scala. Accepting, she gained such a series of triumphs that her husband was frantic with mingled joy and pride. On the occasion of her husband's exultant spirit by giving a grand supper to the *dilettanti* of Milan, invited to bed in an ecstacy of intoxication, and died of apoplexy before morning. His lady buried him with sincere sorrow, and was hardly conscious of what would be her next step, when she received an offer of engagement at the English Royal Italian Opera. With subdued joy she took advantage of the opportunity to see once more her native land, and under her fanciful Italian stage name was soon captivating the musical Londoners by her glorious voice. When her English fame was at its height, the Earl of D—, hearing particularly of her beauty, went to the opera to observe for himself. He recognized his angelic daughter, and even swelled with paternal pride when showers of bouquets and whirlwinds of applause greeted her at the termination of each act of the "Figlia." A surprising magnanimity took possession of his noble breast. He would reclaim the organ-grinder's widow; he would raise her to his own sphere again; he would restore his fatherly favor to the filial art and the *haut ton*, and would finally marry her off to some titled possessor. Filled with these generous intentions, he deputed a friend to bear his card to the dressing-room of the prima donna, and was much astonished by her refusal to see him. "She fears my reproaches," said he. After due consideration, on the morrow, he caused the same friend as before to bear his offer of parental recognition to the goddess of song. The friend was readily admitted to an audience, and therefrom became astonished for the remainder of his life. The lady said: "My father cast me off for marrying the gentleman of my choice. He refused to recognize me in my days of poverty and obscurity. Now that I am rich and famous, I refuse to recognize him. Let us be strangers to each other." All further advances were unavailing, and my lord and his daughter remain strangers to this day.

**CURIOUS CROPS IN GERMANY.**—A correspondent from Nuremberg, says forest trees are so extensively raised in Germany that they are one of the most common crops of that country. The trees are planted in rows as straight as those of a cornfield. He says: "There is scarcely any wood at all in Germany but what is thus cultivated. The land is in many places so poor that it cannot be tilled every year; so that by taking a number of years to raise a crop of trees the occupants effect the double purpose of supplying themselves with wood and getting at the end of that time, fallow-ground again. One can see pine-tree fields of all ages, some with little trees of one or two years' growth, and others with large ones ready for the ax." The farmers of Northern Bavaria go extensively into fish raising, collecting the water from marshy places and drained lands into fish ponds. Many farmers in this way realize as much from their water as their land crop. Those of our farmers who are troubled with an excess of water might turn it to account by taking a hint from their German brethren.

**PROPAGATION OF FISH—IS SHAD CULTURE SUCCESSFUL?**

We take the following interesting article from the Rochester (N. Y.) Daily Union and Advertiser of June 10th:

About four years ago the first movement was made to demonstrate in a public way that the fishes in the great rivers could be assisted in propagation and their numbers be immensely multiplied by the artificial process. Seth Green had previously been engaged in the cultivation of brook trout with more or less successful results. He had turned his attention to shad and insisted that with a small outlay of time and money these excellent fishes could be produced in such quantities as to glut the market and make shad the cheap food for the poor. To demonstrate this it became necessary to find a suitable place where the work could be done under the protection of law, and some pecuniary aid from the public could be obtained. Massachusetts and Connecticut were induced to lend their aid in a joint effort to stock the Connecticut. Mr. Green made liberal proposals to the Commissioners of these States and went to the dam at Holyoke, the head waters of the Connecticut, for shad, and there began his work under great disadvantages, including the opposition of the ignorant fishermen and received but little countenance from the public of the locality generally. He sought to demonstrate the truth of his theories and was willing to make almost any sacrifice to do this. He had declared his firm belief that the shad hatched in a particular river would annually return to that river and would resort to no other, and that by artificial propagation ninety per cent of the spawn would be productive while by the natural method not five per cent would be hatched. The correctness of his position has been demonstrated beyond all doubt. How this has been done let the Commissioners of the State of Connecticut tell. In their report to the Legislature the following:

"In the month of July, 1867, Mr. S. H. Green, of Mansfield, N. Y., under the joint patronage of the Massachusetts and Connecticut Commissioners, made the first experiments in the artificial propagation of shad in the Connecticut River, a short distance below Holyoke Dam. Mr. Green's skill and large experience in the culture of fish especially fitted him for the work. His first attempt resulted in hatching two per cent of the ova. His second attempt, with improved arrangements, brought out twenty per cent of the ova. His third effort secured ninety-nine per cent, and in three weeks he put into the Connecticut River about forty millions of young shad. At this time nothing was really known as to the growth of the shad; there was a great difference of opinion among fishermen and naturalists; some asserted that it reached maturity at marketable size, in one year; others, that it took from two to five years. The latter opinion seemed to be not less than three nor more than five years; and this was partially corroborated by the investigations of Mr. M. S. Treat of Eastford, which showed that shad, which are closely allied to shad, take four years to mature. It was also corroborated by the time of the disappearance of shad after the building of dams. In the Fall of 1867, more young shad were observed at various places along the river from Glastonbury to its mouth on their way to the Sound, than had been noticed for several years. The forty-boats on the river repeatedly reaped them up on their aprons, while many were caught by the fishermen in their fine-meshed nets.

In the following summer, June 20, 1868, Mr. Green repeated his experiments in the hatching of shad at Holyoke, under the directions of the Massachusetts Commissioners, and for about twenty days made complete success. He turned out "several millions" of young fry daily. On the 12th of July, the weather became so extremely hot that the temperature of the water ranged from 84 to 88 degrees, and the spawn was spoiled in the hatching boxes. It is estimated that sixty millions of young shad were put into the Connecticut that year.

During the same year attempts were made by the Connecticut Commissioners to hatch shad at Brookway's Point, but it was the 8th of July before the ova were placed in the boxes, and the extreme heat of the weather destroyed them.

No attempts were made to hatch shad in 1870, the Commissioners deeming it prudent to await the results of the experiments of 1867 and 1868, before incurring further expenses. The great increase of young shad seen in 1869, as in 1868, confirmed the belief that they would mature in due time and an abundance of merchantable shad would appear by the year 1871 at the farthest.

To the surprise and delight of our people, however, they appeared in unusually great numbers in 1869. Such a run of shad had not been seen in twenty years. On Sunday, the 22d of May, they appeared in the Sound in vast numbers; captains of vessels sailing through the Sound, reported immense shoals of them near the surface of the water, all asking for the month of the Connecticut River. On Monday morning, the 23d, over 28,000 shad of good size were taken from the ponds at and near Saybrook. The same day, at Lewis's Pond, beyond Nuncateck Point, 4,500 were taken at one time, being seven times the usual catch. At Haddam Island, 700 were taken at one haul of the seine. At Wethersfield, 900 were taken during the day. At Holyoke Dam, 450 were taken between four and

five o'clock in the afternoon. At all the other fishing places on the river, so far as heard from, the catches were unusually large, and the fishing continued uncommonly good throughout the season. The average quality and size of the fish were also good.

Now the largest hauls of shad in or near the Connecticut River of which we have any authentic record, was in 1811, when 2,280 shad were caught at a single draft from 1762, at Haddam Pier, and it numbered about 2,300. Comparing these figures with those given above, from Nuncateck Pond, it will be seen that the single catch last year at that place was larger by nearly 60 per cent, than the largest single draft ever before recorded.

It cannot be positively asserted that this great run of shad was the result of the hatching of 1867. Your Commissioners entertained the belief that it was; there are certainly plausible reasons for such belief. It is a remarkable coincidence that such a sudden increase should appear just at the time many had predicted it and looked for it. It is a pertinent fact, too, that no other river shared in this abundance; the supply elsewhere was as scanty as in former years.

\* May 18, 1871.—Since the above was in type, reports have reached us that the fishing in the river is better than it was last year. Last week 3,000 shad were caught at a single draft of the seine at Essex; and this week 900 were caught at one draft above Middletown.

This alone is evidence conclusive to an unbiased mind that shad can be cultivated at a small cost in the rivers they frequent, that they will return to the places where they are hatched, and that those who sow may reap.

But it is not the people on the banks of the Connecticut alone who are reaping a harvest of shad. Those on the banks of the Hudson are beginning to see the result of culture in this State. Three years ago Mr. Green began to propagate on the Hudson. The fish then deposited are now coming in. There has been no such abundance of shad in that river for years. The catch has been large already and the market is glutted. Shad are sold at retail in New York for a quarter of a dollar apiece, and in the river towns for a shilling. The wholesale price has been as low as three cents per pound, within a week. This is only a beginning.

The quantities of spawn now being hatched richly far exceeded what has been done in any season before. About three hundred thousand young shad are turned into the river every day. This work is being done by order of the Fish Commissioners of the State under the management of Mr. Green. The operations are chiefly performed on the west bank of the river, a mile or two below Castleton.

**LAFITTE'S TREASURES.**

Many unsuccessful searches have been made for the treasures supposed to have been buried by the pirate Lafitte on some one of the islands in the Gulf of Mexico, some eighty miles from New Orleans. One of the pirate's men, when dying, gave a family named Newell, who had befriended him, a diagram and written description of the exact spot where this hoard of wealth was buried. Mr. Newell made three attempts to reach the place, but on the first voyage was shipwrecked, and on the second his partner was sun-struck, and on the third voyage Mr. Newell himself was suddenly ill, and also died. But Mr. Newell had a son, then a young man and a printer working in the office of the New Orleans *Pilot*, who resolved to try to accomplish what his father could not. Therefore, some three years ago, young Newell fitted out a small vessel and made the voyage to within sight of the island, when a violent storm came on and his vessel was wrecked. One year after this he made another attempt to reach the island, but he was again wrecked. A month ago he fitted up another vessel and made a third trial to obtain the golden treasure. A week ago his lifeless body was picked up near the Rigolets floating in the muddy waters of Lake Pontchartrain, surrounded by two bullet holes. There seems to be a singular fatality accompanying the spot where Lafitte buried his spoils. Every person who has yet attempted to approach that island with the object of unearthing his treasures has met a sudden death.

**WHAT THE MICROSCOPE REVEALS.**

WITH A MORAL.—Lovenboeck tells us of an insect seen with the microscope of which twenty-seven millions would only equal a mite.

Insects of various kinds may be seen in the cavities of a grain of sand. Mould is a forest of beautiful trees, with the branches, leaves, and fruit. Butterflies are fully feathered. Hairs are hollow tubes.

The surface of our bodies is covered with seals like a fish; a single grain of sand would cover one hundred and fifty of these scales, and yet a scale covers five hundred pores. Through these narrow openings the sweat forces itself like water through a sieve.

The mites make five hundred steps a second.

Each drop of stagnant water contains a world of animated beings, swimming with as much liberty as whales in the sea.

Each leaf has a colony of insects grazing on it, like cows on a meadow.

**Moral:** Have some care as to the air you breathe, the food you eat, and the water you drink.

**For the Middletown Transcript.**

MR. EDITOR:—I see that Mr. Samuel Townsend is still agitating in your paper for what he calls the White Man's Party. He makes a strong fight against Mr. Dean and yet his blows seem to rebound and strike with momentum against his own party.

Mr. Townsend prates much about Democracy and against what is called the new departure. Let Mr. Townsend know that Democracy does not consist in voting for a long line of so-called Democratic Presidents, it does not consist in men, but in principles. It is not in succession from the pope. Men are not infallible. What is Democracy?—"rule or authority of the people; a form of government in which the supreme power is lodged in the hands of the people collectively." What then becomes of Mr. Townsend's White Man's Government, White Man's Party? Is not our government for all, colored and white, Indian and copper-colored. Nay, did not the Democratic idea, originally, in the administration of this government, include the negro? Did he not vote in South Carolina and other States? What is the definition of Democracy now in the books?—"one who favors the right of suffrage to all classes of men." What is Democracy?—"the rights of the state." Was not Mr. Breckinridge for this, and if Mr. Dean was for him, and Mr. Townsend for Douglas, who was against the rights the State, and for the territories? Who is the true Democrat, Mr. Townsend or Mr. Dean?

Is the platform of the Democratic party led on by Mr. Vallandigham in Ohio and others in Pennsylvania and Tennessee, a new departure? Nay is it not the old foundation rock of the Democratic party, and is not that the position the *World* of New York, and the most intelligent of the Democratic party maintain? Is not the position of the Democrats in Delaware and Maryland an old departure, and one that allied themselves with slavery and secession in this country, and for it brought on the collision, secession, and the horrible war through which we passed? If there was the old departure, if Mr. Townsend was for the Douglas departure, can he reasonably call this Vallandigham platform a new Democratic departure? Rather is it not old shams-pure Democracy—the right of the governed to have a part in the government, the return of the elective franchise to those who have been excluded and a means to secure Democratic power and restore the South to an equality with other States. If Democracy had not run mad and at the last Democratic nomination asserted her revolutionary tendencies and nominated a medium man, instead of a professedly extremist, then Grant might have been defeated and Democracy in power and the Southern States restored and protected.

If the wheel has been turned and a part of our population has been lifted up to suffrage, and if as many believe, revolution of elective franchise cannot go backward, then it is folly for professed Democrats to assert a second revolution and proclaim a white man's government and a white man's party. Let not Mr. Townsend be deceived; it was not merely a provision to negro suffrage that gained the Democratic 2000 votes in Delaware and large majorities in Maryland. It was the way this negro suffrage was brought about; it was the usurpation, the tyranny of Congress; it was against military dictatorship and rule, and a host of corrupt and unconstitutional measures. If the Democrats had accepted the situation for the time being, fought the devil with fire, not cursed ignorant negroes, or repelled their votes, they might have had the Congress and the Presidency and then rolled back the tide of usurpation, righted up the ship of state and relieved their Southern brethren of much of the oppression they have been forced to endure.

Why may not doubtful claims be held in abeyance till the Democratic party can conquer? If the Democrats have dropped the claims of the South to reëdify and separate; if they have given up the reputation of the national debt and so forth, why may they not accept, at least for the present, negro suffrage, and even the amendments to the constitution, till they get in power and re-amend the constitution or wipe away all unconstitutional amendments. There are plenty of living issues in which they may fight against the black republicans, such as social equality, heavy taxation, tariff reform, of the civil service, against the packing of the supreme court, return to specie payments, reform of the revenue, annexing a semi-barbarous island, occupied by a turbulent population unused to civil government; and by doubtful interference Congress appointing the President a dictator as a possible substitute for regular civil government in half the union; the treaty of England to the almost total neglect of internal reforms. These and others are living issues. Let not then these one idea men like Samuel Townsend, who make battle only on negro suffrage, white man's government and white man's party, imagine that they are par excellence Democrats.

Wm. Dean is as good a Democrat as Samuel Townsend, and so are old line whites and union men, and even republicans who have joined in. Let it be called one Union Democrat or opposition party, to overthrow the present tyranny and establish again the constitution on a foundation not to be destroyed." Hushed be the babble, for to me it is nothing more than talk of those men that set themselves up to be the Democratic party, to do anything and give no office or credit to anybody that has not swallowed down all

their shibboleths, however varied, contradictory, or ruinous. Let there be a combination of union men to save the union, and let them advance in united phalanx, boldly, not like the Democratic address of congress, to make an apology for Democracy and as if asking for a consideration and some cold crumbls and old clothes; but indiet the republicans, arraign them, put them on the defensive, charge home upon them, on a new line, their miserable failures, crimes and misdoings; correct, restrain them, oppose the dangerous tendency of the republican party to treat the amendments as having practically abrogated the whole constitution, or in other words as having constituted the majorities of both houses as supreme judges of what is or what is not constitutional; that republicans shall accept the situation and claim amendments and reconstruction acts. They shall put the Southern States on a footing of equality with the Northern States, and put further interference with their affairs on exactly the same level with interference in the affairs of New York or Massachusetts. Let them claim universal amnesty and cry Reform! Reform! and thus put them to route horse, foot and dragoon.

Wilmington, Del.

In Spain, when a baptized infant dies, a feast is spread, and all the neighbors round come, not to condole with, but to congratulate the parents. "We rejoice with you that you have a child in glory," they say; and the last—nay, the first journey of the sinless babe is a triumphant march, the funeral festival, the music is glad. Only the mother weeps. In Greece, the last journey follows quickly upon death. The next day, at dawn, a train of white-robed priests and chorists may be seen winding along the road toward the church. There, dressed as in life, and having the face uncovered, the dead lie at rest before the altar until the moment arrives when they must be committed to the earth. It is in the church that the last farewell is given. What of that terrible last journey in the cold north, where the dying Esquimaux is built up in his snow-house or hut to die alone? Or of the African tribe, who bury their hopelessly sick before death—hurry them out of the world altogether? They have been described as taking an affectionate leave of their relatives, and performing this burying with the consent of the person chiefly concerned. Habit is everything, and they are used to it; only one fancies it must fall rather hard upon each individual as it comes to his own turn.

Scientific farming consists altogether and solely in deriving the greatest possible profit from the soil. Lessen the labor and increase the yield, is the sum of the whole. To do this, every thing must be done at the right time, and in the best manner. By draining, the water must be got rid of; by cultivation, weeds must be destroyed; by manure, the soil must be enriched; by rotation of crops, the largest yield must be secured; by improved stock, the feed must be economized and made of more value; and the how-to-do-all-this is the sum and substance of agricultural science. Books on farming relate the experiences of successful men, the experiments they have made, and the results they have attained. Any and every farmer, who by the use of his reasoning powers, is enabled to raise one bushel of corn per acre more than he has hitherto done, by improved methods, is a scientific farmer; however much he may disown the name; and not only has he done a good thing for himself, but the world at large is to some extent, better for his efforts and success; his mission, as a man, has been to that extent fulfilled, and he will leave the world better than he found it.

**PREVENTING FITTING IN SMALL-POX.**

Dr. J. H. Bird, of Sioux City, Iowa, writes to the *Medical and Surgical Reporter* that he had prevented pitting in small-pox, in several cases, by the use of an ointment made of charcoal and hard, applied freely over the surface of the face, neck, and hands—applied as soon as the disease is distinguished, and continued until all symptoms of suppuration have ceased. The application allays the itching, and seems to shorten the duration of the disease, and leaves the patient without a blemish; the eruption protected by the ointment not even showing signs of pustulation, the charcoal preventing the action of the light, and the hard taint of the air.

IN LOVE.—I was in love once with a fat girl. She was very fleshy. She was enormous. But the course of my true love came to grief. I was sitting with her in the dim twilight one evening. I was sentimental; I said many soft things; I embraced part of her. She seemed distant. She frequently turned her head from me. At last I thought I heard the murmur of voices on the other side. I arose and walked around, and there I found another fellow courting her on the left flank. I was indignant, and upbraided her for her treachery in thus concealing from me another love. She laughed at my conceits, as if she was not big enough to have two lovers at once.

Bakers in one respect at least, follow nature—they rise in the yeast.

Pat Murphy calls the vehicle in which he carts mud a wheel-scissors.

A fast team—A team in the mud.



